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W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE

IT WILL
NOT
BLOW OVER.

Camps in unhealthy localities, poisonous water, scanty and bad food, exposure to the elements for want of tents, cots and blankets—these have killed hundreds of men, wounded men, who entered the army to fight for their country.

Hundreds more have perished of wounds that were curable and of diseases that were preventable—victims all of want of proper attention and medicines.

The people of the United States have been aroused to a fever of indignation by this hideous slaughter of men who had a right to expect every care at the hands of a Government possessed of an overflowing treasury. From end to end of the continent the demand goes up that the officials responsible for this criminal mismanagement shall be brought to exposure and punishment.

Murder has been done—murder by wholesale.

There is no power in this Government to protect the men on whose heads is the blood of the murdered soldiers. If President McKinley does not order and push an investigation that shall be restrained by no fear of consequences to the guilty, however highly placed, Congress will attend to the duty.

This horror will not blow over.

Patronage-jobbing officials, looking to their political future, though they may be seated in the Cabinet;

Red-tape bureaucrats, caring more for official form than for human life;

Spills-hunting politicians with pulls;

Contractors favored by these politicians—

All are hoping that time will weaken the public's memory and soften popular wrath. But they err. The people of the United States owe too much to their soldiers to forget the crimes committed against them, which have laid low so many gallant men who should be alive to-day to enjoy the honors that their valor had won.

Why were the hospital ships turned into floating bells, where wounded men without medicines expired in agony and well men were starved?

Why were medical stores destined for the army at Santiago not unloaded and taken to the field hospitals?

Why were sites for camps chosen with reference to the profit of transportation companies and regardless of sanitary conditions?

Why have our men in these camps been subjected to hardships equal to the worst that could be suffered in the enemy's country?

Who has made money by this cruelty, this murder?

These questions MUST be answered.

The people of the United States will know and punish.

IT WILL NOT BLOW OVER!

OUR DUTY
IN THE
PHILIPPINES.

The Peace Commission will meet in Paris not later than October 1, and it is hoped to have the treaty ready for submission to the Senate when it assembles in regular session in December.

There is a good prospect now that the treaty will be one to which the Senate can assent. There is steady progress at Washington. The Administration's reluctance to gather the fruits of the war gives way before the pressure of public opinion. First Manila and its bay were enough to content the President. Then the voice of the country was heard, and the White House responded by giving out the intimation that the whole of the island of Luzon would be taken.

That concession has not satisfied the people. Nothing short of the whole group will satisfy them. Mr. McKinley has been a life-long student of popular sentiment, and he has none of Cleveland's disposition to resist when it makes itself plain. As the country demands so will the President instruct the Peace Commission, unless there are reasons for stubbornness which have not yet been made public.

Why should the President halt as he does, and lag behind the people in this Philippine matter? No adequate explanation has been given of his strange disinclination to hold fast to the great prize won by Dewey.

Were it the Administration's policy to retire altogether from the Philippines it would be comprehensible, and even defensible in a way. Those who shrink from responsibility and abhor new problems would applaud such a course.

But to hold less than all of the Philippines is not to escape responsibility and reduce the number of problems, but to increase them. As lords of Luzon merely we should have Spain for a neighbor. Her style of governing colonies never has changed, and never will. It would be Cuba and Weyler over again.

If we should grant Spain only a modified sovereignty and claim the right to supervise her treatment of the natives, that would be to choose the worst medium in the world through which to govern. Better far to do the work directly.

Should we leave Spain supreme in the islands outside of Luzon, refraining from meddling with her whatever her deeds might be, how could the American conscience put up with that evasion of duty?

Any government would be better for the Filipinos than that of Spain, yet as the possessors of Luzon we certainly would not permit any other European power to seize any of the islands. Self-interest would demand the creation of a Monroe doctrine for the Philippines. Could the United States afford thus to play the dog in the manger at the expense of the unhappy natives?

The simple way is the wise way, the safest way. The first necessary step toward a permanent solution of the Philippine problem is to eliminate Spain. Turn her out completely and for good, announce to the powers that the islands are under the American flag, and then, having a free hand, we can address ourselves to the task

"MY BOY, I'M PROUD OF YOU!"



Father Knickerbocker Welcomes the Heroic Seventy-first.

New York salutes the Seventy-first and welcomes home again the gallant men who have carried the flag of their country and the banner of their State to glory. Death and wounds have been the portion of many who but a few months ago marched through our streets to the front accompanied by the city's cheers. Others have perished of cruel neglect, for which the Government is responsible, criminally responsible.

The cheers rise again to-day, but there is sadness in them. The thinned ranks of the regiment tell the onlooker more eloquently than words can of the awful realities of war.

But the war is won and past. Cuba is free and Spain gone from the New World, which she has cursed with her presence through the centuries. Liberty's lamp burns brighter on this hemisphere than ever before.

A mighty gain has been made for humanity. And in the battles for these noble ends no regiment has borne its share more splendidly than the Seventy-first.

Honor to the fallen and welcome to the heroes returned!

Three cheers for the Seventy-first!

of finding an answer to the question, "What shall we do with them?"

The Filipinos have been our allies in war and we have rescued them from Spanish slavery. It would be infamous to turn them back again into the power of their vanquished masters. Time only can tell whether or not they are fit for self-government, but it is the plain duty of this Republic to protect them from Spain and all the land-grabbing powers of Europe.

Sentiment reinforces duty. What American valor has won American statesmanship must not surrender. The Stars and Stripes are up. No American hand must pull them down.

Interest joins with duty and sentiment. The islands are rich and capable of a gigantic development. Their possession will enormously augment our military power in the Pacific and advance our trade interests in the Orient.

To falter is to earn punishment. Let us admit Spain to partnership in the Philippines, or leave them open to tempt European cupidity, and in the future we shall pay for our folly and cowardice with war.

The American flag is floating over the Philippines. Nail the flag to the mast.

A SMALL
OPPORTUNITY
FOR A WIDOW.

Mr. H. A. Cox, of Whitestone, L. I., has nerve. Mr. Cox is forty, a clam broker, and asserts that he has saved a "stocking of money." These being his attractions, Mr. Cox advertises for a wife, "old maid preferred," and his notion of an old maid is a lady anywhere from "twenty to fifty." It is not wonderful that a man so ignorant of maids, old and young, as this time limit be-

tokens, should have been forced to clamor through the newspapers for a wife. Men of proper enterprise find wives long before they are forty, and any gentleman who has made the quest can tell Mr. Cox that old maids are old maids because they are too fastidious to accept as husbands gentlemen a good deal more desirable than any forty-year-old Long Island clam broker possibly can be. It is such women—women who would rather not marry at all than marry any save the very best—who make the most superior wives when they do consent to take charge of a man.

A widow is what Mr. Cox needs. A widow usually does not expect too much in a husband, and trusts to her experience of men to enable her to get on philosophically with a husband that would drive an old maid mad. A widow—one with a shrewd eye and an enlightened smile, and a spirit that, knowing its rights, dare maintain them—can take Mr. Cox and his stocking and use them as the basis of comfort for her declining years, while seeing to it that he digs clams right along, as a man with the responsibilities of a family should.

But an old maid? Hardly. Mr. Cox is presumptuous.

A BRITISH
AUTHOR'S
FEAR.

Mr. Zangwill, a clever English novelist, has done us the honor to come over on a voyage of discovery. While he is gratifying an enlightened curiosity he may be persuaded to lecture a little and read a little and show himself a good deal for an admission fee, as is the practice of the literary and civilized who penetrate to these wilds. Though not unwilling to make the acquaintance of the American dollar in its native lair, Mr. Zangwill is reported to be harassed by a modest fear of "that effusive American hospitality which kills." But Mr. Zangwill must summon his courage

to endure all the penalties of a greatness of which he is adequately conscious. Annoying as American hospitality may be to barn-storming British authors, there is one thing still more distressing—the absence of it. Let us hope that a gentleman who writes as brightly as young Mr. Zangwill does may not encounter this hardship. He won't if he behaves himself and omits exhibitions of conceit from the programme of his performances.

JULIAN
HAWTHORNE
ON SECRETARY
ALGER.

We invite special attention to a communication from Mr. Julian Hawthorne published in to-day's Journal. It treats of the crimes which have dealt suffering and death to the country's soldiers in reward for the patriotism which moved them to take up arms in its cause. It challenges Secretary Alger's airy waving aside of the horrors that have shocked the nation—his astounding opinion that "investigations will not help matters any," for the reason that the crimes "are things of the past."

Mr. Hawthorne speaks for every American of right feeling when he denounces this easy-going heartlessness, this strange absence of a sense of the Government's responsibility for the horribly needless sacrifice of human life in the hospitals and camps in the United States as well as in Cuba.

While demanding justice for "the things of the past," Mr. Hawthorne has the citizen's, the patriot's concern for the future. He says:

But supposing Mr. Alger is right in his surmise that all will be forgiven and forgotten, and that the American people will share his opinion that no one can be held accountable, that investigation will not help any, and that what is past should be ignored because matters have improved under the fear of punishment? Supposing we were to find ourselves confronted with another war? When the President called for two or three hundred thousand volunteers against Spain he got them sooner than he could use them. Does he think he could get them again to-day if the outrages which have been committed on them are allowed to go uninvestigated and unpunished? Does he think he can raise an army whose deadliest foes are to be found in their own camps on their own soil? * * * There will be no more volunteers under this Administration unless this Administration shall show itself resolute to follow up the malefactors to their last ditch and exact from them the uttermost recompense. Their punishment will not bring back to life those whom they have destroyed, but it will show the nation that its government is not in league with criminals, and may restore a confidence which is now trembling on the brink of extinction.

To that—to each true and earnest word of it—every American who is guiltless of participation in the infamy of the deadly camps and hospitals will say Amen!

The President's duty is as clear as the crime is glaring and colossal.

Investigate—investigate NOW—the murder of our soldiers.

CONDENSED EDITORIALS.

THAT PRIVATE CHARITY should be invoked to supply our sick soldiers with the food they need is a black reproach to a government which has all the money it can ask for. Could incapacity further go?

DEWEY AND NORTON.

Both are Americans.

But one is a man. The other is a Mugwump—a type of the wise and judicious and refined sort of cattle who have a perfect faith in their mental and moral superiority to the ordinary Americans round about them.

THERE IS INFAMY in the proposal to hand back to Spain and her vengeance a single human being whom we have freed in the course of this war.

Not one foot of the soil of the Philippines can be restored to Spain except at the cost of a crime against liberty and humanity.

SAYS MR. DOOLEY, SPEAKING OF ALGER:

"I usen't to know," said Mr. Dooley, "what me frind Gl'n'al Sherman meant when he said that thing about war. I've been through two iv him, not to speak iv conventions an' prim-ries, an' divlie th' bit iv bar-hum come to me no more thin if I was settin' on a roof playin' an accordion. But I know now what the ol' in-ad meant. He meant war was hell when 'twas over."

"I aint heerd anny noise fr'm th' fellows that went into trenches, an' plugged th' villainous Spaniard. Most iv thim is too weak to kick. But th' proud an' fearless pathrities who restrained themselves an' didn't go to th' fr-ont—the in-ads that athrugged hard with their warlike thindies an' finally drowned thim an' stayed at home an' practiced upon th' type-writer, they're ragin', an' tearin' an' destroyin' their foes."

"Did ye see what me frind Alger wrote to Chansey Depoo? Well, sir, Alger has been mishtreated. There's a good man. I say he's a good man. An' he is, too. At anny thrick fr'm shingles to two-be-fours, he's as good as th' best."

"But no wan appreciated Alger. No wan understood him. No wan ever thried to. Day be day he published th' private letters if other people, an' that didn't throw anny light on his character. Day be day he had his plothors took, an' still th' people didn't get onto th' cur-veys iv him. Day be day he chatted iv th' terrors iv war, an' still people only said: 'An' Alger also r-ran.'"

"But th' time come when Alger end contain himself no longer, an' he sat down an' wrote to Chansey Depoo."

"Mr. Chansey Depoo, care iv Grand Central Depew, New York, Esquire: 'Dear Chansey: I've been expectin' a letter fr'm ye fr' three or four days. Oh, Chansey, ye don't know how I suffer. I'm that low in me mind, I feel like a bunch iv laths. Oh, dear, to think iv what I've gone through. I went into th' war unprepared. I had on'y so many r-rounds iv cartridges an' a cross-cut saw, an' I failed to provide meself with th' ord'nary necessities iv life. But in spite iv me deficiencies I went bravely ahead. Th' strain was something tur-ble on me."

"Me mind gave out repeatedly. I cud not think at times, but I niver faltered. In two months I had enough supplies piled up in Maine to feed ivry soldier in Cuba. They were thousands iv r-rounds iv cartridges fr' ivry r-igiment, an' all th' r-igimints had to do was to write fr' thim. Th' navy had taken Manila an' Cervera's fleet an' th' ar-mey had taken Sandago an' th' yellow fever."

"Th' war is over an' peace want most wags her wings over th' country. Pine scaws is quoted strong. Ivrywhere is peace an' con-tint. Me photo-graphs are on sale at all first class newsdealers. Yet, there is no c'm fr' me. Onthakin' was insult me. They want me to r-aisin' an' go back to me humble home in Mitcheigan. Disgustin' men that've done nawthin' but get thimself shot sk fr' milk an' guinla. They'll be askin' me to carry food to thim nex'."

"Oh, Chansey, oh, hivins, ye can't know how grieved I am. Rather wud I have perished in a log jam thin to 've indured this ingratitude. But in lookin' back over me past life I can't find iv no wrong I've done. I've mimry is at fault please note. Me career is an open book. I've held nawthin' back fr'm the public, not even when 'twas mar-eked private. I can say with th' pote, that I done my duty. But, oh, Chansey, don't lver aspire to my job. Be secretly iv war if ye will, but niver be secretly iv a war. Do not offer this letter to th' newspapers. Make thim take it."

"How's things goin' with ye, ol' pal? I hope to see ye at th' sessid. Till thin I'm yours Sick at heart, but 'attn' reglar. RUSS'."

"Well," said Mr. Hennessy, "th' poor man must've had a har-rd time iv it."

"He did," said Mr. Dooley. "Niver laid his head to a pillow before eight and up at noon. He's suffered as no man can tell. But he'll be all r-right when his mind's at rest."—Chicago Journal.

Julian Hawthorne's Sharp Arraignment of Secretary of War Alger.

Editor the Journal, New York City:

Sir—In common with some million others, I read in your paper of this date an interview with Mr. Alger, Secretary of War, regarding the condition of things at Camp Wikoff and other camps, and in the ships which carried our men from Cuba hither. Mr. Alger said, among other things: "Investigations will not help matters. I realize that; we all realize it. But * * * they are things of the past; we must give our attention to the important work at hand."

From what I have been able to gather of Mr. Alger's character from his acts during this war, his remarks, as quoted, are just what I should have expected of him. Whether he is corrupt, or merely incompetent, it is not for me to say; I trust we shall all know before long. But his own words show him to be as yet unconscious of the full seriousness of his position and of the nature of the feeling in this country about what has been done and not done to our soldiers. He wants to smooth things over and hush them up. So does every one in any way connected with the scandals and outrages that have occurred. But the relatives and friends of the soldiers who have suffered do not wish them smoothed over, hushed up or explained away. They want the guilty persons punished, beginning with the head of the War Department. If he is guilty, and going down to the steward of the Mobile, if he is guilty. When I say "the friends and relatives of the soldiers" I mean, of course, every honest man in the country. Mr. Alger says, implicitly, that should the truth about these outrages come out America would be discredited. But our people have never believed that the

credit which comes from hiding crimes is worth having. The credit they value is that of fixing crime on its perpetrator and punishing him according to law. If there are rotten places in our community, they want them shown up and cut out—not enshrouled over and denied. They desire health, not hypocrisy. And they would rather see a thousand scoundrels, cowards and incompetents hanged, shot or sent to jail or other disgrace, than go before the world with a clean bill of health which is a lie. They care not whether the office of the culprit be high or low; let him suffer impartial justice for proved cause.

Mr. Alger went to Camp Wikoff because, in my opinion, he was afraid to stay away. He made haste to divert public anger from himself, and from those for whose misfeasance in office he is responsible, because he was responsible for their appointments. He said smooth things and did nice things: enlarged furloughs and courted popularity with the men whom he and his subordinates had brought to the threshold of death; but of those whom he had pushed across that threshold, he says, "Investigations will not help matters any; they are things of the past." His are the conduct and the words of the overreacher who has maltreated and robbed the servants when the master calls him to account. He is grieved, he is regretful, he will make all amends; he loves these poor servants and will do anything for them; but he hopes he need not deny that he is wholly innocent of blame for their condition. No one is to blame; orders were mislaid or misunderstood, and the men were themselves largely accountable for their own condition, because they did not take proper precautions to protect their health. But, says Mr.

Alger, "It is impossible to fix the blame on any responsible source. We cannot, we do not, find any army officers at fault—only men who are employees of the steamship companies, and whom we cannot compel to answer." And he adds: "I am not disposed to criticise in individual instances, because during the past two days there has been a great change for the better at the camp." Yes; the rascals stopped stealing and bullying when the constable's lantern was turned on them; but shall they therefore be excused for what they did just before? I find one honest sentence in this interview with Mr. Alger, and that is one which he meant dishonestly. He said: "I tell you I shall be the happiest man in America when all these sick boys have recovered and are safe in their homes once more." He will be happy, because he thinks or hopes that when the boys are safe at home he himself will be safe. His happiness will not be dashed a jot by the thought of all those "boys" who will never recover, and never go home, because they are dead through his corruption or incompetence, or those of his subordinates whom he appointed. He is cheerful about them, because they "are things of the past." But it may happen that when the boys have recovered and are safe at home, Mr. Alger will find his happiness rudely disturbed. Until they are mustered out of the service of the United States they cannot bring charges against their superiors; but when they are once more free citizens they can do it, and I have reason to think they will. Then we shall learn, among other things, the true basis of the charges made against the conduct on the field of battle of the Seventy-first Volunteer Regiment; we shall hear who were "missing" on that day of San Juan, and

why. We shall discover who were the officers who systematically robbed the men under their charge, and treated them, not like soldiers, but like dogs and beasts of burden. Who appointed these officers? Who supported them? Who screens them now? Let us have their records, not as they appear on the doctored official returns, but in the living witness of the men who saw their cowardice before the enemy and their crimes in camp. There are many thousand such men; they are not all dead; they have not all been bought off or intimidated. They will bear testimony, and their testimony will be true.

But supposing Mr. Alger is right in his surmise that all will be forgiven and forgotten, and that the American people will share his opinion that no one can be held accountable, that investigation will not help any, and that what is past should be ignored, because matters have improved under the fear of punishment? Supposing we were to find ourselves confronted with another war? When the President called for two hundred or three hundred thousand volunteers to country he got them sooner than he could use them. Does he think he could get them again to-day, if the outrages which have been committed on them are allowed to go uninvestigated and unpunished? Does he think he can raise an army whose deadliest foes are found in their own camps, on their own soil? If he does, I am not of his opinion. The nation has had a shock which it will not forget. There will be no more volunteers under this Administration, unless this Administration shall show itself resolute to follow up the malefactors to their last ditch, and exact from them the uttermost recompense. Their punishment will not bring back

to life those whom they have destroyed; but it will show the nation that its Government is not in league with criminals, and may restore a confidence which is now trembling on the brink of extinction.

As you know, sir, a son of mine has been one of the sufferers from the abuses referred to in this letter. I submitted his case to you, not because I held my son to be in any respect more deserving of sympathy than the sons of any other men who served and suffered as he did, but because he might answer for a type, enabling the public to understand the plight of hundreds who had no means of making their wrongs known. My indignation is not affected by the fact that the blow which has struck me is not shared by the rest of the country. I have struck mine among the dead. I do not echo the word of that father whom you quote to-day as declaring that if his son died he would kill Mr. Alger. My son may die or he may live; if he lives I shall be glad; but I shall not the less remember that the sons of many others have died, and I shall be just as desirous to see punishment inflicted on the guilty. This is not a personal matter; it is a national wrong and disgrace, and should be dealt with from the national point of view. Those who had no boys at the front should be as eager to see justice done as those who had. And those who have received, in return for the living youth they saw march away, a dead body, slain not by the enemy in battle, but by the enemy at home, should permit themselves to be actuated by no motive of private revenge. Justice, not revenge, is what we want. We want the justice of the law, impartially and impersonally administered. We want no more than that, but we want no less; and I trust that those to whom authority in this country has been delegated may, for their own sakes, be under no delusions as to that fact.

AUG. 27, 1898. JULIAN HAWTHORNE.